ORFEO ed EURIDICE;

Orpheus and Eurydice;

N Anner Millico:

OPER'A IN ONE ACT.

Orfer,

Amore,

As performed at the

KING'STOTHEDATORE

di Ombre for on Euridice.

HAY-MARKET.

The MUSIC by

M. R. . C L U C H.

The POETRY by

SIGNOR CALZABIGI.

The Translation by Bottarelli, jun.

Monfieur Slingfby. - Madensolfelle Grenier.

Te, dulcis Conjux, te folo in litore secum, InualinoM Te veniente die, te decedente canebat. VIRG.

LONDON:

Printed for W. GRIFFIN, at GARRICK's HEAD, in Catharine Street, Strand, 1773.

[Price One Shilling.]

PERSONAGGI.

Orfeo,

Signor Millico:

Euridice,

Signora Girelli Aguilar.

Amore,

Signora Sirmen:

Coro di Giovani con Orfee di Ombre felici con Euridice. di Furie e Spettri.

> MAESTRO DI BALLO. Monfieur D'Auvigny.

BALLERINI PRINCIPALL

TARE A PROPERTY NO. BOTTON ATTAINS

Monsieur Fierville.

Mademoiselle Heinel.

Monsieur Slingsby.

Mademoiselle Grenier.

Monfieur Lepy. Signora Crespi.

Monsieur Affelin,

Mademoiselle Lafond.

PITTORE E DESIGNATORE DEGLI ABITI. Monfieur Mönch.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Orpheus,

Signor Millico.

Eurydice,

Signora Girelli Aguitar.

Love

Signora Sirmen

Chorus of Youths with Orpheus; of Happy Ghofts with Eurydice; of Furies and Spectres.

BALLET MASTER.

Mr. D'Auvigny.

PRINCIPAL DANCERS.

ordened lives have sined

Mr. Fierville.

Mademoiselle Heinel.

Mr. Slingfby.

Mademoiselle Grenier.

Mr. Lepy.

Signora Crespi.

Mr. Affelin.

Mademoiselle Lafond

PAINTER and PATTERN DRAWER for the DRESSES.

Mr. Mönch,

improclassi i foo lamenti

I'charle. H francis, venti.

SCENA I.

Ameno solitario Boschetto d' Allori e Cipressi, che circondano un piccolo piano, ov' è la Tomba di Euridice.

Orfeo con Seguito di Giovani, e di Donzelle, indi Amore.

BALLO.

Coro. AH, se intorno a questa Urna funesta, Euridice, ombra bella, t'aggiri.

Or. Euridice.

Coro. Odi i pianti, i lamenti, i sospiri, Che dolenti si spargon per te.

Or. Euridice.

Coro. Ed ascolta il tuo sposo infelice, Che piangendo ti chiama e si lagna, Come quando la dolce compagna Tortorella amorosa perdè

Or. Basta, basta, o Compagni. Il vostro duolo Aggrava il mio. Spargete
Purpurei siori. Inghirlandate il marmo.
Partitevi da me. Restar vogl'io
Solo frà queste ombre funebri e oscure
Coll'empia compagnia di mie sventure.

[Segue Ballo, e si replica il Goro.

Or. Chiamo il mio ben così
Quando si mostra il dì,
Quando s' asconde.
Ma, ob vano mio dolor!
L' idolo del mio cor
Non mi risponde.

Euridice, Euridice!
Ombra cara, ove sei? Piange il tuo sposo.
Ti domanda agli Dei.
A' mortali ti chiede. E sparse a' venti
Son le lacrime sue, i suoi lamenti

SCENE!

A delightful solitary grove of laurel and cypresstrees, surrounding a little plain, upon which stands the tomb of Eurydice.

Orpheus, with an attendance of Youths and Damsels; then Love.

A DANCE.

Cho. AH, Eurydice, thou beautiful shade, if yet thou haunt'st around this fatal urn—Or. Eurydice.

Cho. Hear the groans, lamentations, and fighs that, are dolefully spread around for thy take.

Or. Eurydice.

di

c,

- Cho. Listen to thy unfortunate spouse, who, drown'd in his tears, calls upon thee, and complains like the turtle-dove bewailing the loss of her lovely mate.
- Or. Enough, no more, O my companions. Your grief aggravates my own. Strew the ground with purple flowers; adorn the marble with garlands; and leave me to myself. I will remain here alone, amidst these mournful and dark shades, in the melancholy society of my woes.

[Now the Dance, and the Chorus is repeated.]

- Or. Thus I call aloud the idol of my heart, from the morning's rising rays, to the sun's decreasing beams. But how vain my grief!

 The charmer my soul doats on, deigns not to answer my plaints.
- Or. Eurydice, Eurydice! Where art thou, lovely shade? Thy spouse, in hitterness of grief complains. From Jove he asks thee. He requires thee from mortals. The air is fill'd with his hitter tears, and doleful groans.

Thus I feek for the idol of my heart, on thefe fatal shores, where death cut off her thread of life.

But Echo alone, who was sensible to the attacks of love, deigns to answer me.

Eurydice, Eurydice! Ab, even the shores know shat name; and the woods have learn'd it from me. Eurydice is beard echo'd in every valley. The wretched Orpheus wrote on every tree. Unfortunate Orpheus! Eurydice, my idol, dear Eurydice!

Thus I bewail the idol of my heart, from the morning's rifing rays, to the fun's decreafing beams. The murmuring tivulet alone, responsive moans with pity to my ceaseless fighs.

Ye Gods, cruel Gods! pale inhabitants of Acheron and Hell; whose destructive band, neither beauty nor youth could ever disarm or withold, you have ravished from me my fair Eurydice, (O fell remembrance!) in the bloom of her years. I will have ber back again from you, ye barbarous Gods! Courageous as the most intrepid beroes, I have even resolution enough to go into your borrid realms, to retrieve my spouse, my treasure.

Love. Love attends thee, Orpheus, Jove is moved with pity at thy pangs. Thou art permitted to cross alive the flow waves of the Stygian Lake. art on thy way to the dark and dismat abyss. with thy voice, thou can'ft appeale the furies, mon-Sters, and cruel death, thy beloved Eurydice Shall

then return with thee to light.

after these while wear the from

The air if fill & with his einer leate, and

Cerco il mio ben cost
In queste, ove morì,
Funeste sponde.
Ma sola al mio dolor.

Ma sola al mio dolor,

Perchè conobbe amor,

Eco risponde.

Euridice, Euridice! Ah, questo nome
San le spiagge. E le selve
L'appresero da me. In ogni valle
Euridice risuona. In ogni tronco
Scrisse il misero Orseo. Orseo inselice!
Euridice, idol mio, cara Euridice.

Pietoso al pianto mia
Va mormorando il rio,
E mi risponde.

E mi risponde. Numi, barbari Numi! D' Acheronte e d' Averno Pallidi abitator, la di cui mano Avida delle morti Mai difarmò, mai trattener non seppe Belta, ne gioventù; voi mi rapiste La mia bella Euridice, (Oh, memoria crudel!) ful fior degli anni; La rivoglio da voi, Numi tiranni! Ho core anch' io per ricercar fulle orme De' più intrepidi Eroi nel vostro orrore La mia sposa, il mio ben. Am. T'assifte Amore. Orfeo, della tua pena e farante luc. Giove sente pietà Ti si concede Le pigre onde di Lete Vivo varear! Del tenebrolo Abisto Sei sulla via. Se placar puoi col canto Le furie, i mostri, e l'empia morte; al giorne La diletta Euridice and male lab Affilteremi, o Dei, la lege a contotto cost tast

Or. Ah, come? Ah, quando? (1)

E possibil sarà? Spiegati. Am. Avrai Valor, che basti a questa prova estrema?

Or. Mi prometti Euridice, e vuoi ch'io tema?

Am. Sai però con qual parto

L' impresa hai da compire Or. Parlas Am. Euridice

Buridles Euridie Ti si vieta il mirar, finche non seignigt of ne? Fuor degli antri di stige; e il gran divieto Palefarle non dei; fe no, la perdi di poutrad E di nuovo, e per sempre; O orsim halling E in abbandono al tuo fiero defio della Sventurato vivrai. Penfaci. Addio.

> Gli sguardi trattieni; Affrena gli accenti;
> Rammenta che peni;
> Che pochi momenti Hai più da penar.

Sai pur, che talora di sono di Confusi, tremanti di constida di constitui di consti Con chi gl' innamora Son ciechi gli amanti, Non Sanno parlar.

Or. Che disse? Che ascoltai? Dunque Euridice Vivrà? L'avrò presente? E dopo tanti Affanni miei, in quel momento, in quella Guerra d' affetti io non dovrò mirarla? Non stringerla al mio sen? Sposa infelice! Che dirà mai? Che penserà à Preveggo Le smanie sue. Comprendoq am alla contro Le angustie mie. Nel figuratio solo del visit Sento gelarmi il fangue, de l'ib shno storo soil Tremarmi il cor. Ma, lo potrò, lo voglio, Sei folla via. Se placa sbrang II controlir oH Infoffribil de' mali è l'effer priva mi antical Dell' unico dell' alma amato oggetto: attolio E. l. Affistetemi, o Dei, la legge accetto. Parte. Ma sentimi, Amarilli,
Vuole il padre partir per preservare
Più se stesso, che te. Am. Come! Capace
Tu lo credi d'amor? Ti. Di Clori accanto
Non è, come con te, rigido tanto.

Am. Ah, che t'inganna il troppo

Tuo credulo desio! Ti. Che nuocer puote,
Che a Clori tu lo chieda? Ella è tua amica;
L'impegna ad aiutarne; e il ver ti dica.

Am. Anch' io, da qualche dì, parlar con Clori Furtivamente il vedo.

S'è ver, d'Amor alle promesse io credo.

E i sentimenti allora del tuo affetto

Udirò con piacer, o mio diletto.

Coddel [CRICCA.] I Malibeo

Sentirsi dire dal caro bene Ho cinto il core di tue catene, Questo è un piacere, questo è un godere, Che un' alma sida maggior non ba. [Parte.

Quando anche fosse una lusinga, invano
Impedirà, ch' io adori
La mia bella Amarilli. Ah, vo' che sia
La mia vita, il mio ben, l' anima mia.
E come! Ah, mio tesoro!
E avrei cor di lasciarti? Oh Dio! Costante
Le orme tue vo' seguire. Idolo mio,
Per tutto, non temer, io sarò teco.
A me non sarà mai,
Che manchi lo splendor de' tuoi bei rai.

[GIARDINI.]

Idol mio, che siero istante!

Che farei senza di te?

Sarei pur l'ingrato amante,

Se tradissi la mia se.

Mio teforo, ascolta, ob, Dio To per te son tutto ardor. Sibiq is son Si, mia vita, idolo mio, oto otto e 19 Frà gli amanti bo fido il cor. Ma già parte, e il padre intanto Mi minaccia, e fgrida altero. Ab pletade più non spero Ne dagli astri, ne da Amor.

Parte.

gui

SCENA Ultima.

Melibeo in abito gaio, indi Amarilli in disparte, dopo Titiro con un Tirso ornato di fiori.

Me. Oh stelle! E sarà ver, che Melibeo Languir vedraffi frà catene involto? Trionferà l'Amor in un bel volto? In queste vaghe spoglie, Che per cenno vesti della fatale Mia bella vincitrice, ah, con qual fronte Oserò d'incontrar la figlia mia? Am. Ab, qual giuffa allegria to adona of the

Impedint, ch' io adone E veritiero Amore! Clori già trienfò del genitore! Eccolo qui. Con qual piacer ti miro Sì diverso da prima ! ... I out ... A lando al Forfe per cangiar clima, Man in the source of Spoglie cangiar volesti?

Me. [Oh Dio! Qual' onta!] In non onthe 199

Se ofo tornarti avanti. Obsolol of ideason 540

Colpa di Clori è fol, non colpa mia: Questo bel Tirso ella per me t' invia.

Me. [Ahimè! Qual dono è questo! Oh donatrice! Oh messaggier funesto!] Am. Dono degno di Clori al genitore.

Me. Ah, no! Più non relifto. Hai vinto, Amore!

Ah! my treasure, listen to the expressions of that love I bear thee. Source of my life, never was in Cupid's reign a foul as faithful as mine. But now she is going, and her cruel father threatens and rages, I don't expect to meet with any compassion neither from the Gods nor Love.

SCENE the Laft.

MA CHOOLD!

Melibeus in a gay dress, then Amarillis aside, afterwards Titirus with a Tyrsis adorned with slowers.

Me. Ye stars! Shall it be said, that Meliheus will be seen involved in Cupid's chains? Shall Love triumph over me in that beauteous face? How can I have the courage to appear before my daughter in this gay dress, which I put on by the command of my fair charmer?

Am. Ah, what seasonable mirth! How true was Love. Cloris has certainly enslaved my father's heart—There he is. With what pleasure do I behold you so much altered! Perhaps have you so much changed your dress, in order to change climate? Me.

(Alas! How 1 blufb!)

Ti. Forgive, Melibeus, the liberty I take of appearing in thy fight again. Cloris, who sends thee this beautiful Tyrsis by me, is the only cause of it.

Me. (Ab me! What gift is this!—Ob, fatal giver!
Ob, ill-ominous messenger!

Am. This is a gift worthy of Cloris to my father.

Me. Ab no! I can resist it no longer. Love bas over-

Am.

Am. But then, Titirus, why are you so drooping, silent, and thoughtful, amidst so much joy and mirth, and when our so long sighed-for happiness is drawing so near?

Ti. My love, I am so deeply sunk in the thoughts that puzzle my mind, that I can't express the excessive joy

I feel.

[GIORDANI.]

Am. Why do I hear thee figh and groan, O fair idol of my foul, as now thou art mine, and as thou dost possess my heart?

Ti. I well know thou art mine, and that thou dost possess my heart.

But yet, fair idol of my foul, methinks I am deprived of my fenses.

Am. Speak thy mind. Ti. I --- know --- my dear ---

Am. Is that thy answer, ungrateful wretch?

A 2. My joy is so excessive, that methinks I am deprived of my senses.

Me. Sure, daughter and thou shepherd, I perceive that your astonishment is very great; but mine is greater still, in being forced to acknowledge Love's invincible power. Titirus, in order that the triumph of such divinity may be intirely compleat, I now invite thee to accept my daughter's hand.

[OTTANI.]

Chorus. Fair Aurora's rays, our youthful days, the zephyrs and murm'ring rivulets, sweet flowers and leaves, fill us with those flames which Hymen and Love strike in our breasts.

Am. Ma, Titiro, perchè così ti stai

In mezzo a tanta gioia, e presso al nostro.

Sospirato riposo

Languido, taciturno, e pensieroso?

Ti. Fra' miei pensieri, o cara,

Tanto è il piacer che sento,

Ch' esprimere non posso il mio contento.

[GIORDANI.]

Am. Perchè, se mio tu sei, Perchè, se tua son' io, Perchè, bell' idol mio, Ti sento sospirar? Ti. Lo sò, che mia tu sei,

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Am.

Ti. Lo sò, che mia tu sei, Lo sò, che tuo son io; Ma pur, bell' idol mio Parmi di delirar.

Am. Spiegati. Ti. 10-Sappi-ob cara!

Am. Così rispondi, ingrato? a C. Ab, dal contento il Fato Vuol farmi delirar!

Me. Sì, figlia, si Pastore, è grande, il veggo,
La vostra maraviglia;
Ma più grande è la mia, d'esser costretto
A confessar d'Amore
L'invincibil valore.
Titiro perchè sia
D' un tal Nume il Trionso appien compito,
Della mia figlia all'Imeneo t'invito.

[OTTANI.]

Coro. La nascente Alba novella, L' età nostra fresca e bella, L' aure, l' onde, e fronde, e fiori Sol di nozze, e sol d' amori Senta intorno risuonar,

Am

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Green DART.

A Current Labi lidel manual for

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de, dal contenta il Vato

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'Am. Amiam tutti alla buon' ora;

Senza amor non si può star.

Ti. Tutto ben, ma chi m' adora

Non mi faccia sospirar.

Me. Si sospira, si delira,
Ma c' è ancor da giubilar.

Coro. La nascente, &c. &c. &c.

A m. Spires T. to Company of A. F. Torna F. T. Mark T. T.

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Lenta interno relicanar.

LARABTO

Am. Let's then all bow to Love, the only fource of our delights.

Well said; but the fair one who inslaved my heart should not make me figh and repine.

Me. After we have fighed and repined, then do we enjoy torrents of joy and jollity.

Chorus. Fair Aurora's rays, &c

and critical of the most calchated frammand German Malicis, whosh names was beganing as see headson the Songs. This Work, teddes was boots, will country about four-work Plates of Manhe —both famours, at Hair a Guinea, wash Bauk, to the taken as Mr. Welker a Guinea, wash Bauk, to the taken as Mr. Welker a critical as a Song Plates of the Song Plates of t

At the fact Mr. Welcher's is to but had, I. Addio di Land, a etha Stenara flamel, Cantoto, written by a the face G. G. Bettereth, and let to Music by Signor Temple Standards.

The above G. G. Larrer Hi, takes the Laberty to offer his Services to the Nobility of a Control to a differ his heart of a control to reality the habito Authora, and to reach that Language, to as to convert pointly.

FINIS

being Miglic Conier of the One?, calcus the Liberty to the Conier of

'Am. Amiam tutti alla buon' ora; Senza amor non si può far. Tutto ben, ma chi m' adora oro in orsugio? Non mi faccia sospirar. Me. Si sospira, fi delira, Troplishin art Trople Ma c' è ancor da giubilar. Coro. La nascente, &c. &c. &c.

A COLORDANT!

Party & dilitar, a. ... I is to long or core! F INNE AND ...

Public of States ! Ave. St. fight, Canote, C glande, il veggaand a star of the star of Me più prince a al min, d'effer collectto A confess, d'Amore

do, did consense il Pate

Alm. Parelle, Buts to Li.

Perche, J. 124 Johnson

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Am. Spiggar

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Chorus. Fair Aurora's rays, &c

and office of the calibrated frames and German whaters, whole names was occurringly as one has been and Sangs. This Works believed as the heads occur, will concern agout four-near Plates of Mulic — had for own, at their a Guinea, was the self-in to the rakes at the Wellow's, and reversal Section 2. The Sank Section of Work was be ready for D. Lyery, the beginning of May acks.

At the faul Mr. Welcher's is to be had. L'Allie & di Land, a sha Signer of Land, Gantote, written by a the faul G. G. Settar of and fee to Music by Signer of Temele Offichani.

The above G. G. Euraraki, takes the Liberty to offer his Sortices to the Nobility of the Genery, to affile across to realify the Ealian Authors, and to reach that Languages to as to convert policely.

ent of governor **FIIN IS** 1000 H. In second of the control of the

dely not make me figh and

LONDON Jan. 12, 17732 Wardour-Street,

PROPOSALS for printing by Subscription Teveral Odes of Horace, translated into Italian Verse, by G. G. Bottarelli, and set to music by Meffrs. Bach, Vento, Giardani, Boroni, Holtzbaver, and others of the most celebrated Italian and German Masters; whose names will be printed at the heads of the Songs. This Work, befides the Poetry, will contain about four-score Plates of Music. - Subfcriptions, at Half a Guinea, each Book, to be taken at Mr. Welcher's, in Gerrard-Street, St. Ann's, Sobo .- The Work will be ready for Delivery, the beginning of May next.

At the faid Mr. Welcher's is to be had, L' Addio di Londra alla Signora Heinel, Cantata; written by the faid G. G. Bottarelli, and fet to Music by Signor Tomaso Giordani.

The above G. G. Bottarelli, takes the Liberty to offer his Services to the Nobility and Gentry, to affift them in reading the Italian Authors, and to teach that Language, so as to converse politely.

LEOPOLO MICHELI, who lives in the Hay-Market, over against Mr. Foote's Theatre, being Music - Copier of the Opera, takes the Liberty to offer his Services to the Nobility and Gentry in General.

Eu. What! doth then this ebulition of my love, at finding thee again, grow irksome unto Orpheus?

Or. Ob, no, it dotb not; thou mistakest me quite but know—bear—(Ob, cruel law!)—Pray, baste thy steps, my dear Eurydice.

Eu. Sav, what can grieve thee in this joyful moment? Or. (What shall I say now?—I foresaw these questions

-now's the trial.)

Eu. Will you not embrace me?—You deign me not an answer. Then look at me, at least—Say, am not I as beautiful as on my wedded day? Behold! perhaps the roses sade—Turn round! it may be that these charms decay, which you with rapture prais'd; or brightness sullies, which with joy you view'd.

Or. (The more I bear, the less I can resist. Chear up, Orpheus.) Let's away, beloved Eurydice. These marks of tenderness are now unseasonable. Every

delay must prove fatal to us.

Eu. But one fingle lock.

Or. Now to glance upon thy beauty, would be ruin.

Eu. Ab, faitbless man! Is it thus thou welcomest me? I'm e'en deny'd a look, when from my wonted lover, and endearing spouse, I might expect most ardent kisses, and embraced delight?

Or. (Ob, racking torment!) With passive Hope, 1

pr'ythee haste away.

En. What! must I be silent also? Ab, shall I bear this too! Hast thou no kind remembrance left of plighted love, of constancy and faith? Say to what purpose hast thou then awoke me from my sweet repose, if here to live where Hymen's brightest torch is quite extinguished?—Thou traiter, answer that.

Or. In filence baste away.

I pray thee come away, and gratify thy confort, Eu. No, I had rather die again, than live with thee.

C

Or. Ah, cruel woman! Eu. Leave me to my rest.
Or. My life, I can't. But ever, as thy shadow,
will I hover round about thee.

Ea. Then wherefore so perverse?

Or. My grief may kill me, but I can't reveal it.

A2. Ye Powets, how great is your gift! I acknowledge it, and am grateful. But the pangs attending your condition are more

than my foul can bear.

Ev. How inserable is the life I now seem doom'd to lead! But what can be that fatal mystery which Orpheus conceals? Why does be thus droop and weep!—As yet not well accustomed to those pangs the living feel, my constancy shrinks back with borror from this blow. My sight grows dim—My hosom feels the pressure of so thick an air, that breathing is a burthen to me. I tremble, totter, faint; and find myself o'erwhelm'd with so much pain, that ev'ry palpitation of my heart sends torture to my soul.

What excruciating torment! what cruel fatality! Possessed, as I almost was, of a peaceful oblivion in death; this sudden transition to the tempessuous storms of life, is more than human heart can bear.

Or. (How excruciating is this torture!) Eu. My ever beloved spouse! why do you thus abandon me? Tho' I am melting in tears, yet you give me no comfort: tho' oppressed by grief, yet you come not to my succour. Ob, Heaven's! must I again expire without one dear embrace, without one kind farewell from thee?

Or. (I can refrain no longer. My reason by degrees is lost; the God's condition quite forgot; and nothing but Eurydice remembered.) Eu. Orpheus, dear ob-

jest of my constant love, I faint!

Or. No more, my dearest spouse, but listen to me. If you but knew——(Alas! what am I doing? How long shall I thus suffer in this borrid hell?)

Or: Ab, crudel! Eu. Lasciami in pace.

Or. No, mia vita. Ombra seguace

Verrò sempre intorno a te.

Eu. Ma perchè sei sì tiranno?

Or. Ben potrò morir d'affanno,

Ma giammai dirò perchè.

A 2. Grand, o Numi, è il dono vostro!

Lo conosco; e (grata) grato io sono;

Ma il dolor, che unite al dono,

E insoffribile per me.

Eu. Qual vita è questa mai

Che a vivere incomincio? E qual funesto
Terribile secreto Orseo m' asconde?
Perchè piange, e si affligge? Ah! non ancora
Troppo avvezza agli affanni,
Che sostrono i viventi, a sì gran colpo
Manca la mia costanza. Agli occhi miei
Si smarrisce la luce. Oppresso in seno
Mi diventa affannoso
Il respirar. Tremo, vacillo, e sento,
Frà l' angoscia, e il terrore,

Da un palpito crudel vibrarmi il core. Che fiero momento! che barbara sorte!

Passar dalla morte a tanto dolor!

Avrezza al contento d' un placido obblio, Frà queste tempeste si perde il mio cor.

Or. (Ecco un nuovo tormento!) Eu. Amato sposo!
M' abbandoni così? Mi struggo in pianto;
Non mi consoli? Il duol m' opprime i sensi;
Non mi soccorri? Un' altra volta, oh stelle!
Dunque morir degg' io,

Senza un' amplesso tuo, senza un' addio?

Or. (Più frenarmi non posso. A poco a poco
La ragion m' abbandona. Obblio la legge,
Euridice, e me stesso.)—Eu. Orseo, consorte;
Ab, mi sento languir!

Or. Nò; sposa, ascolta.

Se sapessi-(Ah, che fò? Ma fino a quando

In questo orrido inferno

Dovrò penar?) Eu. Ben mio,

Ricordati di me. Or. (Che affanno! Oh, come

Mi si lacera il cor! Più non resisto.

Smanio, fremo, deliro.) Ah, mio reforo!

Eu. Giusti Dei! Che m' avvenne? Io manco, io moro.

Or. Ahime! Dove trascorsi? Ove mi spinse

Un delirio d'amor? Sposa, Euridice, Euridice, consorte. Ah, più non vive!

La chiamo invan. Misero me! La perdo,

E di nuovo, e per sempre. Oh, legge! Oh, morte!

Oh ricordo crudel! Non ho foccorfo;

Non mi avvanza configlio. Io veggo folo

(Ah, fiera vifta!) il luttuoso aspetto

Dell' orrido mio stato. one alle one

Saziati, forte rea; son disperato.

Che farò senza Euridice!

Dove andro senza il mio ben!

Euridice. Ob, Dio! Rispondi.

Io son pur il tuo fedel.

Euridice! Ab, non m' avvanza

Più soccorso, più speranza

Nè dal mondo, nè dal ciel.

Che farò senza Euridice!

Dove andro senza il mio ben!

Ah, finisca e per sempre

Colla vita il dolor! Del nero Averno

Sono ancor fulla via, Lungo camino

Non è quel che divide

Non an focusty of the Il mio bene da me. Sì; aspetta, o cara

Ombra dell' idol mio. Ah, questa volta

Senza lo sposo tuo non varcherai

L' onde lente di Stige. Am. Orfeo, che fai?

Or. E chi sei tu, che trattenere ardisci

Ultime furie mie? Am. Questo furoge

Calma, deponi; e riconosci Amore.

Eu. My life, remember me.

Or. (Alas! what great distress is mine! how tortur'd is my heart by Love and Fate! I can withold no longer. I pine, I rave, and am delirious.) Ab, my

treasure!

Eu. Great Gods! what must befall me? I faint; expire! Or. Alas! where have I wander'd? To what excess of grief hath this mistaken Love reduced me?—My much lov'd spouse, my dear Eurydice; Eurydice, my dearest consort, speak. Ah, she does not breathe; I call her now in vain, the course of life is stopt—Ob, wretched me! I lose her, and now am doom'd to feel that loss for ever. Oh, cruel law! oh, death! oh, fell remembrance! I am quite deprived of succour, for all my courage fails me. I only now behold, (Ah, fatal sight!) the mournful aspect of my horrid state. Remorseless Fate, he satisfied, I am driven to despair.

What shall I do without Eurydice? Where shall I wander, now deprived of her? Eurydice! alas! she cannot answer me. I am ever faithful to thee, Eurydice. Ah me! nor hope, or succour, now are left to me from mortals or from Gods. What shall I do without Eurydice? Where shall I wan-

der, now deprived of her?

Ab, let my lise and pain this instant have an end. I am as yet on the gloomy road to bell. The distance that divides my charmer from me is not very great. Yes, bold; dear shade of my idol, bold; thou shalt not cross the slow waves of the Stygian lake without thy spouse.

Love. What art thou doing, Orpheus?

Or. And who art thou that darest obstruct my last just furies, to avoid misfortunes?

Love. Appeale this tempest, refrain thee, and ac-

Or.

Or. Ab, is it thou? it is; I fee thee now. The torture of my pain had almost conquer'd reason. What art thou come for? What would'ft thou have of me? Love. I'd make thee bappy. Orpheus, thou indeed bast much endur'd for my glory; and therefore I restore to thee thy dear below'd Eurydice. I want no farther proofs of thy fidelity. Behold her rife to be reunited to thee. Or. What do I behold! O Gods! my spouse!

Eu. My consort! Or. At last I may embrace thee.

Eu. Then will I press thee to my bosom. Or. How shall I expuess my gratitude!

Love. Enough—Ye fortunate lovers, come away— Let us quit these immortal babitations-Return ye to your kingdoms, and enjoy the world again.

Or. Ob, propitious day, ob, Love omnipotent!

Eu. Ob, joyful, and fortunate moment.

Love. An instant of bliss may compensate for an age of pain.

TEMPLE OF LOVE.

Or. Let Love be triumphant for ever; and all the universe do homage to the empire of beauty. How pleasant are thy joys, O Liberty, to a flave born in freedom, when he burits the chain of bondage!

Cho. Let Love, &c.

Love. Sometimes the cruelty of a tyrannical maid may bind on a rack, and drive to despair; But how foon doth the lover forget all his pain, when the yields up her heart!

Cho. Let Love, &c.

Eu. The racks of jealous doubt may long torment and perplex the mind; but no fooner is fidelity discovered, than all the torture is forgot.

And that cruel fuspicion, which tormented the heart, becomes a lasting reflection for

felicity.

Let Love, &c.

Or. Ah, sei tu? Ti ravviso. "Il duol sin' ora
Tutti i sensi m' oppresse. A che venisti?
In si siero momento
Che vuoi da me? Am. Farti selice. Assai
Per gloria mia sossiiti, Orseo. Ti rendo
Euridice, il tuo ben. Di tua costanza
Maggior prova non chiedo. Ecco risorge
A riunirsi con te. Or. Che veggo! Ah, Numi!
Sposa! Eu. Consorte!

Or. E pur t'abbraccio! Eu. E pure
Al sen ti stringo! Or. Ah, quale
Riconoscenza mia! Am. Basta. Venite,
Avventurosi amanti; usciamo. Al mondo
Ritornate a goder. Or. Oh fausto giorno!
Oh Amor pietoso! Eu. Oh lieto
Fortunato momento!

Am. Compensa mille pene un mio contento!

TEMPIO D' AMORE.

Or. Trionfi Amore! E il Mondo intero Serva all' impero della beltà. Di sua catena, tal volta amara Mai su più cara la libertà.

Coro. Trionfi Amore! &c.

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Am. Talor dispera, talor affanna D' una tiranna la crudeltà.

> Ma poi la pena obblia l'amante Nel caro istante della pietà.

Coro. Trionfi Amore! &c.

Eu. La Gelosia strugge e divora; Ma poi ristora la fedeltà.

E quel sospetto, ch' il cor tormenta. Al fin diventa felicità.

Coro. Trionfi Amore! &c.

PROPOSALS for printing by Subscription several Odes of Horace, translated into Italian Verse, by G. G. Bottarelli, and set to music by Messis Bach, Vento, Giordani, Boroni, Holtzbaver, and others of the most celebrated Italian and German Masters; whose names will be printed at the heads of the Songs. This Work, besides the Poetry, will contain about four-score Plates of Music,—Subscriptions, at Half a Guinea, each Book, to be taken at Mr. Welcher's, in Gerrard-Street, St. Ann's, Sobo.—The Work will be ready for Delivery, the beginning of May next.

At the said Mr. Weleber's is to be had, L' Addio di Londra alla Signora Heinel, Cantata, written by the said G. G. Bottarelli, and set to Music by Signor Tomaso Giordani.

The above G. G. Bottarelli, takes the Liberty to offer his Services to the Nobility and Gentry, to affift them in reading the Italian Authors, and to teach that Language, so as to converse politely.

LEOPOLDO MICHELI, who lives in the Hay-Market, over against Mr. Foote's Theatre, being Music-Copier of the Opera, takes the Liberty to offer his Services to the Nobility and Gentry in General.

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